

# The Earl of PEMBROKE's Speech

To the HOUSE of PEERS, &c.

My Lords,

**Y**O' know I seldom make Speeches, yet (my Lords) *Every Thing would fain live*; And now I must either find a Tongue, or lose my Head: I am accused for sitting here, when your Lordships fled to the Army: Alas! my Lords, I am an old Man, I must sit: You may ride or run any whither, but I am an Old Man: You voted them Traitors who left the House, and went to *York*; they told us then, they were forc'd away by Tumults: Do not you say so too? Were they Traitors for going, and am I a Traitor for staying? 'Sdeath, my Lords, what would you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven Years; what have you given me, unless Part of a Thanksgiving Dinner, for which you made me fast once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Cost; twice every Day, long before some of you were born: And this King continu'd, nay, out did his Father, in heaping Favours upon me; yet (for your sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had no need of me; voted against him, swore against him, hired Men to fight against him: I confess I myself never struck at him, nor shot at him, but I pay'd for those that did; I gave my Tenants their Leases Fine-free, if they would rise and resist the King, and yet my Lords, after all this, must I be a Traitor? Have not I sworn for you over and over, and over, again? You sent me on your Errands to *Oxford*, to *Oxford*, to *Newcastle* to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King; you made me carry a world of Propositions; I brought them all safe and sound; what you bid me say, I spake to a Syllable; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him; and yet, my Lords, I am an old Man: Remember how I stuck to you against *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; some of you shrunk at *Strafford's* Trial, so that your Names were like to be posited for Malignants; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him live. My Lord of *Northumberland*, and others would have no hand in his Blood; but I gave you the casting Voice, that sent him packing into another World, and yet now would you send me after him? Have not I sat with you early and late? when the Parliament tumbld and toss'd, and roll'd it self on this side and on that side, still I was for the Parliament: Tho' I stay'd here with Presbyterian Lords, yet when you return'd, I was firm to you. All the other Lords left you in the House, when Sir *Tho. Chaplin* gave Thanks for your Return: but I stay'd and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I Rejoyc'd with you, Fasted, Sung Psalms, Pray'd with you, and hereafter will run away with you: Nay, I had done it now; but who knew your Minds? If you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me? Think you, I could run away by Instinct? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (tho' I say it) I thank God I have had as good Dogs as any in *England*. Now, my Lords, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him *be gone*; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad. 'S Death, my Lords, 'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the whistling.

But, perhaps, my Fault is not meer staying here, but being active in your absence; because in my Robes and Collar of S. S. I brought up Mr. *Pelham*, the Commons new Speaker. Why what if I did? Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own Cousin? Would your Lordships have me uncivil to my Kindred? Why might not I entertain the new Speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harely* entreat us to admit him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert's* Cousin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an Old Man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new War; that my Hand is to all the Warrants for Lifting Men and Horse, and in order thereunto I voted His Majesty should come to *London*. 'Tis true, my Lords, I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'Twas only to choose a new Speaker. What! would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets? My Lords, I love to hear Men to speak; and all the Lawyers told me, *No King, no Speaker*; That either the Commons must name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him: *No King, no Speaker*. And so I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then (my Lords) observe the Manner of his coming: The King was to come according to the *Covenant*; mark ye that. I was still for my Oaths: Let him come when he will; if the *Covenant* fetch him, he had as good stay away: And yet Men cry shame on the *Covenant*. Those that took it cast it up again; and these that refuse it, have given a world of Arguments that it is unreasonable; which Reasons our Assembly (like a Company of Rats) never yet answer'd. I know, my Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refus'd it out of meer Conscience. Shall malignant Consciences be as tender as ours? Why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But, my Lords, suppose this Oath be unreasonable: Can we do nothing but we must give a Reason for it? This is as bad as the House of Commons; who, when we deny to pass any Ordinance, presently send to know our Reasons tho' themselves give no Reasons for demanding ours; and so Malignants would have *reasonable Oaths*: Only here's the Difference, the House of Commons do use to demand Reasons: Tho' I hold the *Covenant* is extream reasonable; for as some Malignants take it to save their Estates, so we



we give it to make them lose their *Estates*; both love their *Estates*, and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus, my Lords, we have Reason for this Oath, and your Lordships have no Reason to make me a Traitor, while I give my Vote according to *Covenant*.

As for Signing Warrants to raise a new Army, I wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? How many Reams of Paper have we subscrib'd to raise Forces for *King and Parliament*? 'Tis well known, I can scarce write a Word besides my Name: Can't a Man write his own Name without losing his Head? If I must give Account for what I set my Hand to, *Lord have mercy upon me*. I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write nor read; and happy for me were I so too. Come, come, my Lords, be plain, and tell me, Do I look like one that would raise a new War? I must confess, I love a good Army; but if there be none till I raise it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change their Name. No, my Lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have raised a War. You see they were guilty, by their Running away: I neither ran with them, nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to stay by it. And whether was for War, I that stay'd in Town, or you that went to the Army? The Devil a Horse did I lift, but in my new Coach, nor used any Harness, but my Collar of S S; and will you for this clap me in the Tower; You sent me thither six Years since, but for handling a Standish, and you'll commit me for writing my Name? What, my Lords, do you hate Learning? Can you not end nor begin a Parliament without sending me to the Tower? Do your Lordships mean to make me a Lord Mayor? If I needs must go, pray send me home to *Baynards Castle*, or *Duram house*: A damnable Fire burnt my Houle at *Wilton* just that Hour I mov'd your Lordships to drive Malignants out of *London*. But why to the Tower? Am I Company for Lions? Do you think me a Ca-ta-mountain, fit to be shewn thro' a Grate for Two Pence? No, my Lords, keep the Tower for *Malignants*, they can endure it; some of them have been Prisoners seven Years; they can feed upon bare Allegiance, please themselves with Discourses of Conscience, of Honour, of a Righteous Cause, and I know not what; but what's this to me? How will these Malignants look upon me? Nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess, some of them love my Son's Company; They say, He's more a Gentleman and has Wit: 'S Death, my Lords, must I turn Gentleman? I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm; and am I now a Gentleman? Let my Son keep his Wit, his poor Father never got Two Pence by his Wit. Alas! my Lords, what Hurt can I do you? Or what Good will it do you to have my Head; I am but a Ward; my Lord *Say* hath disposed of me these seven Years: I am no Lawyer, tho' the *Littletons* call me Cousin; I am no Scholar, tho' I have been the *University's* Chancellor; I am no Statesman, tho' I was a Privy-Councillor. I know not what you mean by the *Three Estates*: Last June the Army demanded a Release for *Lilburn*, *Musgrove* and *Overtoun*; I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good Estate of my own, and I have the Estate of my Lord *Baynings* Children, and I have my Lord of *Carnarvan's* Estate; these are my *Three Estates*, and yet, my Lords, must I to the Tower? Consider, we are but a few Lords left; come let's love and be kind to one another: The *Cavaliers* quarrel'd among themselves, beat one another, and lost all; let us be wiser, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condition, my Conscience tells me we had look'd most wofully.

I perceive, your Lordships think better of me; and you would quit me, if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How, *Agitators*! 'S Death, what's that: Whoever heard that Word before? I understand *Classical*, *Provincial*, *Congregational*, *National*; but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth Three Pence. If *Agitators* cut Noble mens Throats, you'll find the Devil has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to be full of Bishops: Those Fellows have troubl'd us ever since the Apostles Time; I thought we had made them poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me: My Lords, I understand not these *General Councils*; those of old (they say) were *Christians*, and these are *Independents*: What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here? *General Assembly*, *General of the Army*, *General Council of the Army*; we never had a quiet Hour since we had so many *Generals*. Well, my Lords, these are hard Times, and we make them worse with hard Words, which neither we nor our Fore fathers understood. Heretofore Bishops were *Jure Divino*; then Elders would be *Jure Divino*; and now *Agitators* would be *Jure Divino*: D---n me, I think nothing *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a *thorough Reformation*? My Lords, if these *Agitators* must rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves *Agitators*? Why may not I make *Oldsworth* an *Agitator*? His Abilities and Honesty are equal to most of 'em? But, for ought I see, *Agitators* will sooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we *Agitators*. For the Parliament leads the People, the Army, leads the Parliament, *Cromwell* leads Sir *Thomas Ireton*, and *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*; *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My Lords, you see I have spoke my Mind: I hope, every Week some of your Lordships will do the like; and the *Commons* in this (tho' in nothing else) will follow the House of Peers.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords, Remember I beseech you, that I am an Old Man: I have been a Grandfather Time out of Mind, (for I was so when this Parliament began) and now must I be Food for *Agitators*? O, my Lords, I have used the King, so ill, and he lov'd me so well, and I have serv'd you so well, and you use me so ill, that no Man is sorry for me. Therefore my Request is, That you would not think of sending me to the Tower, till somebody pities me.

FINIS.

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